

The Adams Sentinel.

A Family Journal—Devoted to Foreign and Domestic News, Politics, Literature, Agriculture, Education, Morality, Science and Art, Amusement, Advertising, &c. &c.

At \$2.00 per annum, in advance—
Or \$2.50, if not paid within the year.

ROBERT G. HARPER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Advertisements \$1 per square for 3 weeks,
25 cents per square for each continuance.

"RESIST WITH CARE THE SPIRIT OF INNOVATION UPON THE PRINCIPLES OF YOUR GOVERNMENT, HOWEVER SPECIOUS THE PRETEXT."—Washington.

VOL. L.

GETTYSBURG, PA., MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1850.

NO. 42.

A SMALL PROPERTY FOR SALE.

THE SUBSCRIBER WILL OFFER AT PUBLIC SALE, On Saturday the 7th of September next, at 1 o'clock, p. m., on the premises, 17 ACRES OF LAND, more or less, situate in Mount Pleasant township, Adams county, adjoining lands of David Detrick, the heirs of George Wolford, and others. The improvements are a 1 1/2 story LOG HOUSE, and a Stable, with threshing-floor attached to it. There is a first-rate thriving YOUNG ORCHARD, of fruit of all kinds. There is a never-failing spring of water, and a never-failing stream of water passing through the tract. The land is in a good state of cultivation. Attendance will be given, and terms made known by

ALLIWEAS ECKENRODE, 18 Aug. 19.

A BLACKSMITH STAND FOR SALE.

WILL BE OFFERED AT PUBLIC SALE, On Saturday the 7th of September next, at 2 o'clock, p. m., on the premises, TWELVE ACRES OF GROUND, situate in Huntington township, on the road leading from Gettysburg to Harrisburg, one mile from Harrisburg, and three miles from Gettysburg. (X. S.) on which are erected a two-story LOG HOUSE, a Log Stable and a Log Blacksmith Shop. There is a well of water on it, and an excellent YOUNG ORCHARD, with good Grafted Fruit as there is to be found in the County. Attendance will be given, and the terms made known by

JOHN E. SPANGLER, 18 Aug. 12.

MONTEREY SPRINGS, TOP OF SOUTH MOUNTAIN.

THE subscriber has the satisfaction of announcing to the public, that his NEW, LARGE AND COMMODIOUS BUILDINGS are now completed, and ready for the reception of visitors. From the very flattering encouragement he has received in former seasons, he feels assured, from the great additional conveniences he has now to render visitors comfortable, that it will be a place of resort the most inviting and interesting. The salubrity of the situation, the fine Mountain scenery, and the unremitting attention of the Proprietor, hold out many inducements to those who may wish to visit MONTEREY SPRINGS for health or pleasure. MONTEREY SPRINGS are on the top of the South Mountain, about midway between Hagerstown and Gettysburg, and on the Turnpike from Emmitsburg to Waynesboro', and accessible in different directions by fine roads. SAMUEL BURMAN, Proprietor, Monterey Springs, June 10.

GRAEFENBERG SPRINGS, ADAMS COUNTY, PA.

THE Proprietor of these celebrated "COLD SPRINGS AND MOUNTAIN BATHING ESTABLISHMENT," located in the South Mountain, on the Turnpike Road leading from Baltimore to Pittsburgh, 11 miles west of Gettysburg, and 10 miles east of Chambersburg, would respectfully inform the public that they are open for the season, and offer many inducements to persons seeking recreation, or to the invalid who wishes to take advantage of the WATER CURE, practiced at this establishment by an experienced Hydro-pathic Physician. The accommodation and pleasure grounds are ample for a large number of visitors. Charges moderate. D. GOODYEAR, Proprietor, 17 Adams Graefenberg P. O., Adams Co., Pa. July 1.

D. McCONAUGHY, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

OFFICE in the Southwest Corner of the Public Square, one door west of George Arnold's Store, formerly occupied as a Law Office by John McConaughy, Esq., deceased. He solicits, and by prompt and faithful attention to business in his profession, it will be his endeavor to merit confidence and patronage.

AGENT AND SOLICITOR For Patents and Pensions.

He has made arrangements through which he can furnish very desirable facilities to applicants, and expedite the process of the Patent Office, and a journey to Washington, on application to him personally or by letter. Gettysburg, April 5.

JAMES G. BREED, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

OFFICE on the south side of the Public Square, two doors west of the "Sentinel" Office. April 10.

WILLIAM B. MUELLER, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

OFFICE South East Corner of the Franklin House, terms of office as Sheriff's Office, by Geo. W. N. Clellan, Esq. Dec. 23.

GETTYSBURG FEMALE SEMINARY.

THE Summer session of this School will commence on the 27th of May, and end the 27th of September. The Winter Session will continue from the 21st of October to the 20th of April. Terms. The prices of the Summer session, according to the order of admission, are \$4 and \$5, of the Winter session, \$4 and \$5. Pupils will be charged from the time of entering to the end of the term. No admissions for the year will be made, except for time lost by the Teacher, or protracted illness of the pupils. Extra charges for Music, the various branches of Fancy-work, Drawing and Painting, and the Languages. May 6.

PEAN MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA.

CHARTER perpetual. All the profits divided amongst the policy holders every year. This is the only truly Mutual Company in the City of State. For particulars apply to D. GILBERT, Agent, and Medical Examiner, Gettysburg, Pa. May 27.

Choice Poetry.

SACRED MELODY.

The bird, let loose in eastern skies,
When hastening fondly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
Where idle workmen roam:
But high she shoots through air and light,
Above all low delay,
Where none earthly bounds her flight,
Nor shadow dims her way.
So grant me, God, from every care
And stain of passion free,
Aloft, through virtue's purer air,
To hold my course to thee:
No sin to cloud, no lure to stay
My soul, as home she springs;
Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
Thy freedom on her wings.

THE SETTING SUN.

That setting sun—that setting sun!
What scenes, since first its race begun,
Of varied life, its eye hath seen,
Which are as they have never been.

That setting sun! full many a gaze
Hath dwelt upon its fading rays,
With sweet, according thought sublime,
In every age, and every clime:

'Tis sweet to mark thee, sinking slow
The ocean's faded waves below,
And when the obscuring night is done,
To see thee rise, sweet setting sun.

So when my pulses cease to play,
Serenely close my evening ray,
To rise again, death's slumber done,
Glorious like thee, sweet setting sun.

Miscellaneous.

Ministering Spirits.

We are told of "ministering spirits" by the lips that cannot lie; and it were a sacrilege to doubt their mission. But they come never to torment or terrify—they hold no communion with the eye or ear of sense. In that solemn hour, when the soul hovers half-way between two worlds, when the veil of earthly vision grows transparent with the dawning light of eternity, it may be—it must be—that revealing through that light are sometimes given.

A little girl in a family of my acquaintance, a lovely and precocious child, lost her mother at an age too early to fix the loved features in her remembrance; she was frail as beautiful; and as the bud of her heart unfolded, it seemed as if won by that mother's prayers, to turn instinctively heavenward. The sweet, conscientious, and prayer-loving child was the idol of the bereaved family. But she faded away early. She would lie upon the lap of the friend who took a mother's kind care of her, and winding one arm around her neck, "Now tell me about my mamma!" And when oft the tale had been repeated she would ask, softly, "Take me into the parlor; I want to see my mamma!" The request was never refused, and the affectionate sick child would lie for hours, contentedly gazing on her mother's portrait. But

"Pale and wan she grew, and weakly—
Bearing all her pains so meekly,
That to them she still grew dearer,
As the trying hour grew nearer."

That hour came at last, and the weeping neighbors assembled to see the little child die. The dew of earth was already on the flower, as its life-sun was going down. The little chest heaved faintly—spasmodically.

"Do you know me, darling?" sobbed close in her ear the voice that was dearest; but it awoke no answer. All at once a brightness, as if from the upper world, burst over the child's colorless countenance. The eyelids flashed open, the lips parted, the wan, curling hands flew up, in the little one's last impulsive effort, as she looked piercingly into the far above.

"Mother!" she cried, with surprise and transport in her tone, and passed with that word to her mother's bosom.

Said a distinguished divine, who stood by that bed of joyous death—"If I had never believed in the ministrations of departed ones before, I could not doubt it now."

Evening Meditations.

In the stillness of the hour, away from the busy crowd, we should listen to the voice that speaks from within, and to the voices of those who, having gone hence, now from the shades of the West, call us to come upon high. Still are they with us—those departed ones—to rebuke us for our earthliness and sin, to elevate our affections, and to secure our firmer allegiance to virtue and to God. Then come those voices, how severe their rebuke when we have yielded to the force of evil! How blessed in benedictions when we overcome temptation, and prove true to the aspirations of our nobler nature! Then we are better prepared to estimate the true value of existence, and to consider its only worthy aim, to sanctify our own hearts and direct the sympathies of sin; and then can we trace up to their various sources the sin which bedevil our inner life, and if we give ourselves to a good degree of faithful pursuit in this work, we may rest assured that these salutary ministrations will make us pure and holy men.

"A paragon coachman, pointing to one of his horses he was driving, said to a poor traveler, 'that horse knows when I swear to him.'—Yes," replied the traveler, "and so does God."

"What a debt of gratitude the doctors owe that man who first invented carriages! One half the medicine is only a substitute for walking. Who ever heard of a wood-sawyer being troubled with indigestion or the gout?"

Doing a Dandy.

As the cars were about leaving a village in the interior of Massachusetts, not long since, a rather verdant looking specimen of humanity, in the shape of a tall Vermont, was seen making large tracks for the depot, which he reached just in time to jump aboard the train as it departed. After for a moment drawing breath, which he had lost in the race, Jonathan walked boldly into one of the cars containing some twenty or thirty passengers, and pushing on, with long, ungainly strides, seated himself by the stove, and after taking a long stare at the passengers, commenced warming himself.

Among the passengers in the car, was a young man belonging to that class generally known as "city dandies." His person was small and thin, yet he was dressed in the extreme of city fashion; his upper lip, as was a portion of his face, was covered with a growth of sandy-colored hair, while a stiff starched collar reached nearly to the top of his head. Indeed he had a most exquisite air, and whenever he spoke his words were peculiarly mincing.

The dandy sat looking listlessly out of the window as Jonathan entered the car. Turning round, and observing the character of the intruder, he seemed convinced that there was a rare opportunity for fun, which he determined not to let pass, and Jonathan suddenly found himself the subject of the dandy's wit. But he bore calmly the taunts and jeers of the dandy, and seemed, in fact, unconscious of what was going on, until the latter had nearly exhausted his fountain of blackguardism, when Jonathan for the first time looked toward the seat occupied by the dandy. As his eyes fell on that personage, he looked surprised, his face grew radiant, and relaxing his bronze features into a sort of grin, he arose and strode across the car toward him.

"Wal, I s'pose!" commenced the Vermont, as he grasped the dandy's skinny hand within his own, and gave it a tremendous squeeze—"who'd a thought it! didn't hardly know you at first. I say, old fellow, how d'ye do! I'm really glad to see ye!"

Here a shriek from the dandy, followed by a volley of curses, as he drew his now almost crushed hand from his grasp, caused Jonathan to halt suddenly in his exclamations, and he commenced apologizing for his rudeness.

"I s'pose, I didn't mean to hurt your hand, but it does seem good to meet old acquaintances, specially among strangers; perhaps, though, you don't remember me, but I do you, and that's just as well."

"What do you mean, you impudent pup?" exclaimed the dandy, his shallow face crimsoned with anger.

"Oh, Mister, there's no use in flashing up; you can't deny it."

"Deny what?" demanded the dandy emphatically.

"I say, Mister," continued Jonathan, not heeding the interruption, and with a knowing wink of the eye, "how long is it since you got out?"

"Do you mean to insult a gentleman?" shouted the dandy, springing from his seat.

"Be quiet, friend," said Jonathan, and continued, "didn't they use you well there—didn't give you good fodder, eh? or wasn't your cage large enough?"

"Begone, you scoundrel!" shouted the dandy huskily.

"I say, Mister, have you got that ring off your neck yet?" continued Jonathan, seizing hold of the stiff starched collar of the other, and pulling it back to examine the neck, with such force as to start it to hang by one corner down the dandy's back.

"This was too much; the dandy could not endure it; pale and trembling with anger, he attempted to speak, but words failed him."

"Look ere, friends," said Jonathan, addressing the amazed passengers; while he took the dandy by the arm and turning him around two or three times, so as to expose him to their view, "perhaps you don't know it; but this is the very same Orang-Outang that was exhibited at the menagerie that came to Vermont a spell ago."

The roars of laughter that rang through the cars at this announcement were really alarming; every one was seized with convulsions; and the conductor, startled by the universal noise, rushed in to see what was the matter. The train stopped at this moment at a way station, and the last seen of the crest-fallen dandy he was clearing the train, muttering curses too fearful to repeat.

Sticking to One's Rights.

"How is it, John, that you bring the wagon home in such a condition?"

"I broke it driving over a stump."

"Where?"

"Back in the woods, half a mile or so."

"But why did you run against the stump? Couldn't you see how to drive straight?"

"I did drive straight, sir, and that is the very reason that I drove over it."

The stump was directly in the middle of the road."

Errors in Cooking.

Dr. Drake, of Cincinnati, in a late treatise on the principal diseases of the interior valley of North America, gives the following enumeration of the various modes of cooking which prevail in the valley:

1. With the mass of our population, bread of every kind is apt to be baked too soon after the flour or meal has been wetted—that is, before there has been sufficient maceration. But what is still worse, it is scarcely ever baked enough.

2. Biscuits, as they are called, are baked in close ovens, by which process the fat they contain is rendered empyreumatic and indigestible.

3. When the dough for leavened bread, by excess of panary fermentation, has been charged with acetic acid, that product is not in general neutralized by the carbonate of potash or soda, but the bread is eaten sour.

4. Pastry, instead of being flaky and tender, is often tough and hard, sometimes almost horny.

5. Meats are often baked and fried, instead of being roasted and broiled, whereby they become impregnated with empyreumatic oil, and not unfrequently charred on the outside. In general, they are overcooked.

6. Fresh Meat, and especially poultry, are commonly cooked too soon after death.

7. Soup is often prepared from parts deficient in gelatine, and abounding in fat, which swims upon the surface, and is much more indigestible than the meat would have been, if eaten in the solid form.

8. Eggs are generally boiled so hard as to render them tough, and many are often fried in fat, to a still greater degree of induration. Fried bacon and eggs eaten with hot unleavened biscuit, containing lard, and then buttered, is a favorite breakfast in many parts of the valley.

9. Vegetables, abounding in fecula, such as potatoes, rice and pulse, are often boiled so little, that all the starch grains are not burst open; while those containing albumen, as cabbage, are boiled until that element is firmly coagulated and deposited in the structure of the leaf.

From the Carlisle Volunteer.

The School Master Abroad.

The following is a correct and true copy of a manuscript band-bill which was left at a hotel, not far from Carlisle, a few days since, with the request that the landlord should put it up in a conspicuous place, so that all might read this "Bap Lick Sale for Land."

The Landlord complied with the request, and after the neighbors had all read and laughed over it, the band-bill was taken down and sent to us for publication. In sympathy for the man who wrote and signed this paper we suppress his name:

Up Lick Sale for Land

Containing 140 Acres of Land that Land Lacey in Cum ber Land County in Dickson township that Land Lacey between Wits town and bulley furnace near at gattos burgers reat that Land Chins Jacob rich Wins Land that Land Lacey near Myers Saw Mill good Wortun on Land good Matto Crown on that Land good Orgon on that Land good Simmer Apals and good Vinter Apals on that Land good Cheres and good biches on that Land good Saw Mill Seat on that Land 5 houses on that Land one Cuchen Store to Sale on Sale.

9 September
mms September.

Quick Intelligence.—On Saturday the telegraph communicated a message from Washington to New Orleans ahead of time. The message left Washington at 30 minutes past 11 o'clock, Washington time, and reached here 5 minutes past 11, New Orleans time, thus travelling about twice as fast as the apparent motion of the sun round the earth, or correctly speaking, double the velocity of the earth's motion on its own axis, as the difference of the time between the two places is about one hour.—N. O. Com. Bull.

Number of Jews in the World.—Isaac de Costa, a learned Jew of Amsterdam, estimates the whole number of Jews now in the world at from five to seven millions.—He allots only 50,000 to the United States, where, he tells us, they are treated better than in any country in the world, except perhaps Turkey, which is more liberal to them than any European government.

Dean Swift said the reason of many unhappy marriages was "because young ladies spend more time in making nets than cages."

There is a young Miss in these parts, who, when her parents refuse to allow her to attend a ball, will set to and have a ball at home.

An Irishman said, "the only way to stop suicide was to make it a capital offence, punishable with death."

A man in Pittsburgh has been fined \$1 62 1/2, for squeezing a young lady's hand. Here it costs nothing—the girls love it.

Did you ever know a young lad and sprightly lass who could not pick berries in one basket?

When you are asked to hold the baby, trot it hard, punch it, and make faces at it when the mother is not looking. You will soon be relieved of the previous charge.

Bentley's Miscellany gives the following illustration of Irish combativeness:—Och! murder! Nine o'clock at Donnybrook fair, and divil a fight yet! Will anybody have the kindness to tread on the tail of my coat?

A Pittsburg paper heads a marriage notice thus: "Interesting to the census takers.—A crusty old bachelor says that people's wives are generally taken before they get married."

CUVIER AND THE SWALLOWS.

In his later days the celebrated Cuvier loved to recount the incident which first turned his attention to the study of natural history. While young, and in want, he was engaged as tutor to the children of the Count de Hervey, and with his pupils inhabited an old chateau in the Pays du Cans, at Fiquainville. Cuvier's room looked out towards the garden, and early each morning he was accustomed to open his window and breathe the fresh air before commencing the instruction of his somewhat undisciplined pupils. One morning he remarked two swallows building a nest in the outer angle of his small casement. The male bird brought moist clay in his beak, which the hen, as it were, kneaded together, and with the addition of straws and bits of hay, formed their future home. Once the framework was completed, both birds hastened to line the interior with feathers, wool and dry leaves; and then taking flight together into a neighboring wood, they did not return to their nest until after the lapse of several days. Meantime some important events had happened. While the two swallows were so busily employed in constructing their home, Cuvier had remarked two sparrows perched on a neighboring chimney, who seemed to watch the progress of affairs with much curiosity. The treacherous object of this surveillance speedily became apparent; for no sooner had the poor swallows left the coast clear, than the pair of sparrows took possession of the nest, and established themselves in it as comfortably as though it had been their own property.

Cuvier remarked that they never absented themselves together from the nest; one always remained on the watch, with his sturdy bill protruded through the entrance, prepared to exclude every visitor except its mate.

At the end of the honeymoon the rightful owners returned. What was their surprise to find their nest pre-occupied! The cock flew indignantly against his dwelling, to expel the intruders, but was met by the formidable beak of the male sparrow, which quickly repulsed the unlucky proprietor with a bleeding head and ruffled feathers.

Trembling with rage and shame, and his bright eye darting fire, he returned to his bride, perched on a green bough, and seemed for some moments to hold an anxious colloquy with her. Then they took flight together, and soon disappeared.

Presently the hen-sparrow returned, and her husband began, as Cuvier conjectured, to give her an animated account of his adventure, accompanying the recital with certain curious little cries, which might well pass for derisive laughter. Be that as it may, the prudent pair did not waste much time in chattering, but hastened out in turns to collect and store up a quantity of provisions. This accomplished, they both remained within, and now two stout beads were placed ready to defend the entrance.

Cries resounded in the air; crowds of swallows began to assemble on the roof. Cuvier recognized in the midst of them the expelled householders making their wrongs known to each fresh arrival.

Ere long, there were assembled in full conclave upwards of two hundred swallows. While they were chattering in a style that fully rivalled the performances of many speakers in more ambitious and celebrated meetings, a cry of distress was heard from one of the window sills. A young swallow, tired, no doubt, of the long parliamentary debate, had betaken himself to the pursuit of some flies who were buzzing about the window. Cuvier's pupils had placed a snare on the sill, and the poor little bird found one of his slender legs entangled by the cruel horse-hair.

At the cry of the captive, about twenty of his brethren flew towards him, and tried to free him; but in vain. Every effort only served to tighten his bonds, and so increase his pain. Suddenly the swallows, as if with one consent, took flight, and wheeling in the air came one by one and gave a sharp peck at the snare, which, after repeated pulls, snapped in two, and the freed bird flew joyously away with his kind companions.

During this scene, which passed within a few yards of Cuvier, and at the same distance as the usurped nest, the tutor remained motionless, and the two sparrows never once stirred their threatening protruded beaks.

Suddenly, and as swift as thought, flew a host of swallows against the nest: each had his bill filled with mud, which he discharged against the entrance, and then gave place to another, who repeated the same manoeuvre. This they managed to accomplish while two inches distant from the nest, so as to keep out of reach of the beleaguered sparrows. Indeed the latter were so effectually blinded by the first discharge of mud, that they no longer thought of defending themselves. Meantime the swallows continued to heap mud on the nest, until it was completely covered; the opening would have been quite choked up but for desperate efforts made by the sparrows—who by several convulsive shocks contrived to shake off some of the pellets. But a detachment of the implacable swallows perched on the nest, and with their beaks and claws smoothed and pressed down the tough clay over the opening, and at length succeeded in closing it hermetically. Then were heard from hundreds of little throats, cries of vengeance and of victory!

But the swallows did not end their work here. They hastened to bring from all directions materials for a second nest, which they constructed over the blocked up entrance of the first one; and in two hours after the execution of the sparrows, the new nest was inhabited by the ejected swallows.

The inexorable vengeance was now completed. Not only were the unfortunate

sparrows doomed to expiate their crime by a lingering death, but they were forced during their torments to listen to the joyful song of the two swallows, the cause of their execution. During many days the hen rarely quitted her nest; she laid six eggs, and while she was hatching them her mate supplied her with insects for food. At the end of a fortnight, Cuvier remarked that the cock was busy all day, in bringing an enormous quantity of insects to his household; and looking into the nest, he saw six little yellow bills, all gaping wide for food. From that time it became a constant source of pleasure to the tutor to watch the progressive development of the little family.

Their yellow beaks became black and shining, their downy bodies were covered with smooth and elegant plumage, and they began to accompany their mother in her short excursions from the nest. The cock taught his children how to seize their prey in the air; how to fly high when the atmosphere was calm, and the flies disported themselves in the upper regions; and how to keep near the ground when a storm was approaching, for then all insects seek a shelter.

Thus passed the summer, and autumn came. Crowds of swallows once more assembled on the roof of the Chateau de Fiquainville. They held regular conversations, and Cuvier amused himself with trying to interpret their language. The children of the nest were placed in the midst of the troop with the other young swallows; and one morning the whole assembly took flight simultaneously, and directed their course towards the east. In the following spring, two swallows, lean, and with ruffled feathers, came and took possession of the nest. Cuvier immediately recognized them; they were the identical birds whom he had watched with so much interest during the preceding year. They began to repair their dwelling, and to stop the chinks produced by the winter frost; they re-lined the interior with soft dried moss and feathers, and then set out for an excursion.

The morning after their return, as they were gaily pursuing their prey close to Cuvier's window—for they were now quite tame, and accustomed to his presence, a hawk that was soaring in the air pounced suddenly on the cock. He struck him with his talons, and was bearing him off, when Cuvier fired at him with a fowling-piece, which happened luckily to be at hand.

The bird fell into the garden, mortally wounded, and Cuvier hastened to relieve his poor little friend. The swallow was seriously wounded; the hawk's talons had deeply entered his sides, and a grain or two of shot had grazed his breast, and broken one wing. The kind young man dressed the wounds with all possible care and tenderness, and then with the assistance of a ladder, replaced him in his nest, while the poor hen fluttered sadly round her mate, uttering piercing cries of distress. During three days she only quitted the nest to seek for insects, which she brought to the cock. Cuvier watched his poor little languishing head feebly raised to take the offered food, but each day his strength visibly declined. At length, early one morning, Cuvier was awakened by the cries of the hen, who was beating her head against the window: he ran to the nest. Alas, it only contained a lifeless body! From that moment the hen dropped and pined away. She never left the nest, refused the food which Cuvier constantly offered her, and, literally broken-hearted, expired five days after the death of her beloved companion.

This little history left a strong impression on the amiable and gifted mind of the young tutor. It led him to devote his leisure hours to the persevering study of natural history; and many months afterwards he related the anecdote to the Abbe Tessier, who was paying a visit to the chateau. Revolutionary persecution had obliged this distinguished man to take refuge in Normandy, and accept the situation of physician to the hospital of Fecamp. Struck with the evident talent of Cuvier, he engaged him to deliver a course of lectures on natural history to the pupils attending his hospital, and wrote to introduce him to the notice of Jussieu and Geoffroy-Saint-Hilaire. Cuvier entered into correspondence with these and other scientific men; and, after some time passed in profound study, he was appointed to fill the chair of comparative anatomy at Paris. The remainder of his glorious career is matter of history.

Twenty-four Hours of Sunlight.—Letters from the U. S. Expedition in search of Sir John Franklin, written at Whale Fish Is., on the Coast of Greenland, June 24, state that as the vessels sailed northward the days began to grow longer and longer, until at length there was no darkness, and finally the sun remained above the horizon during the whole twenty-four hours. To our men the shining of the sun "all night" was singular enough, but to the Greenlanders it was nothing new. In the course of a few months, when winter sets in, the days will gradually shorten until it will be totally dark during the whole twenty-four hours. These days of darkness will continue for about two months.

Johe on a Dairyman.—A dairyman who was suspected of mingling water with his milk, was awakened by a wag at midnight, with the announcement that his cow was choking. He forthwith jumped up to save the life of poor Crummin—when, lo! he found a turnip stuck in the spout of the pump!

Looking Nip.—A term invented to keep boys off the grass, and make girls consumptive. In our opinion, dirt is one of the very elements of health, and no boy should be denied his legitimate share thereof. Clean children are always "pale and interesting."

Deacon Bodkins.—Deacon Bodkins was a good man, but like all the righteous he had great trials. The Deacon was not only a good man, but he had a nice taste for fitness of things, especially touching the good order and decorum of the church. Now it is well known that in these latter days, there have crept into our church some very unseemingly and scandalous practices, such as one half of the congregation sitting, while the others rise, in time of prayer; and many of those who sit and those who rise, staring about as though they were endeavoring to get beyond the journey of the fool's eyes. Deacon Bodkins had a lively sense of the evils of these things, and often spoke upon the subject in a most feeling manner. "Deacon," said neighbor Jones, "speaking of those unseemingly things in the church, reminds me of a case which occurred when I was a boy." We all pricked up our ears and were all attention, for neighbor Jones was good at an anecdote, and hardly ever told one that did not fit somewhere.

"Well, Deacon," said he, "when I was a boy, we had a schoolmaster who had odd ways of catching idle boys. Says he, one day, 'Boys, I must have closer attention paid to books; the first one of you that sees another boy idle, I want you to inform me, and I will attend to the case. Ah, thought I to myself, there is Joe Simmons that I don't like; I'll watch him and see if he looks off his book I'll tell on him. It was not long before I saw Joe look off his book, and immediately I informed the master. 'Indeed,' said he, 'how do you know he was idle?' 'I saw him,' was the reply. 'You did?' 'Yes, and your eyes on your book when you saw him?' 'I was caught, but I didn't watch for boys again.'"

We all agreed with Jones that this was a good anecdote, and had a meaning; but Deacon Bodkins never asked for any explanation.

The following toast was given at the Printers' Banquet, recently held in New-York:—"The Ladies—Always favorable to a 'press,' properly conducted."

Remembered Happiness.—Mankind are always happier for having been happy; so that if you make them happy now, you make them happy twenty years hence, by the memory of it. A childhood past, with a due mixture of rational indulgence, under fond and wise parents, diffuses over the whole of life a feeling of calm pleasure; and, in extreme old age, is the very last remembrance which time can erase from the mind of man. No enjoyment, however inconsiderable, is confined to the present moment. A man is the happier for life, from having made once an agreeable tour, or lived for a length of time with pleasant people, or enjoyed any considerable interval of innocent pleasure.—Rev. Sydney Smith.

It not unfrequently happens that those persons who, in society, carry all before them by their spirits and acquirements are at home the most restless and uncomfortable beings upon the face of the earth, because they cannot there find the very excitement which is almost necessary to their existence.

The clearness and purity of one's mind is never better proved than in discovering its own faults at first view; as when a stream shows the dirt at its bottom, it shows also the transparency of the water.

The gentle transfusion of mind into mind is the secret of sympathy. It is never understood, but ever felt; and where it is allowed to exert its power, it fills and extends intellectual life far beyond the measure of ordinary conception.

Women's ignorance of their duties, and the abuse which they make of

